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March 1, 1900.

The Revenge Of Murphy

By JAMES BARNES.

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NO one knew the immediate locality that had produced Trooper Murphy. He claimed he was a New York "bhoy," and held to the distant metropolis as if it were his native heath and natural stamping ground. But such a brogue as Murphy's could never have been simply an inheritance. It had the touch of the sod in it, and his first prattlings must have been heard in the thick atmosphere of a smoky, peat saturated cabin.

Murphy had just squeezed by the regulations as to height, and certainly was not more than one or two pennyweights over the prescribed limit when placed upon the scales. But he was compactly built and a natural born cavalryman; he walked with an easy swing, and if his legs were slightly bowed, what of that? The first sergeant said that Murphy had "glue legs, the kind that fit to horses' ribs."

Murphy was a favorite too. His laugh was catching. He had a merry little high pitched voice and dancing blue eyes and red hair, as crisp and thick as a rock lichen. If it had not been for this heavy shock of hair, Murphy's captain said, he would have never succeeded in passing the examining sergeant. There was a full quarter of an inch of it. All this goes to show that Murphy was but 5 feet 4 and that he weighed under 150 pounds. So much for his personal appearance. As to his age, it might have been 22 or it might have been 30; at all events, it was something between. He claimed to be 28.

It was a "broiling hot day," which is a trite and usual description to convey the idea that the weather was uncomfortably warm. It had not rained for nearly three months. The river, that was within a few hundred yards of the northeast corner of the parade ground, had dwindled down to a narrow little stream that wheeled along through a dusty bed.

Lying prone on the ground in the shade back of B troop's quarters was a group of enlisted men. The uniforms were nondescript. Some wore their canvas stable suits, loose and open. One or two were in undershirts and faded blue breeches. Some wore boots, some were in stocking feet. They had ceased cursing the weather and were all absorbed in one discussion.

"I seed the beginning of it," said a lanky, rather tough looking lad, who was smoking a cigarette, with another one stuck behind his ear, pen fashion. "I seed the beginning of it. Murphy wouldn't say why, but I know it was something about the new girls at the major's. The Dutchman's got a fine lip on him. It's a good thing he doesn't play the horn."

Here another man with a brick red face and a long, sunburned mustache broke in. "It was a good fight," he grunted, "but the big fellow would have killed him. The way he mauled him was unmerciful."

"Just like a billygoat tackling a bull," remarked a man on the outside of the group, rolling over on his elbows. Then, as if quite pleased with his metaphor, he repeated it: "A billygoat tackling a bull. Schreiber made no report of it."

Both his eyes were apparently shut tight.

"We ain't seen the end of it yet," said the lad who first spoke. "The little fellow'll take a lot of poundin."

"That's a lie," remarked a man with a red face. "But the ugly Dutchman could lick three of him. He's too big to put on a horse's back anyhow."

At this minute the dust arose again, and the horses struggled up the bank. A bugle sounded the stable call, and the group broke up. A figure in uniform just then crossed the open space that led from the barracks to the officers' quarters. The shriveling heat had not taken all the spring out of this fellow. His shoulders were well back, his tunic buttoned to the throat, and he stepped briskly out, like a man with a purpose before him. But if one had looked into the trooper's face he would have noticed a peculiar thing. Both his eyes were apparently shut tight, but it was not to avoid the glare of the sun. There was a slight abrasion on his upper lip, another at the corner of his ear, and his jaw was badly swollen.

Lieutenant Blair Carter, who was sitting on the veranda with his feet on the rail, dressed as coolly as was compatible with the usual devotion to neatness, watched the approaching figure, smiling until it had halted at the veranda steps. The story of the fight, although unreported, had reached his ears.

"Well, Murphy," said the lieutenant, acknowledging lazily the touch of the finger at the hat brim, "how are the horses?"

"The farrier made a bad job of shoeing the crack hoofed nag of Captain Agnew's, sorr. Sure, I told him it was wasting time to monkey with it."

"For heaven's sake, Murphy, can you see out of those eyes?"

"Yes, sorr," replied Murphy, wiping the perspiration off his stiff upper lip with the back of his hand. "The gray is all right again, sorr, but one of the new horses, the one with the bald spot—is going to throw a splint, I'm afraid, sorr."

Murphy had dismissed the subject of the eyes politely, but firmly.

"I'll come over and look at him this afternoon. Didn't have much luck with that last bunch, did we?"

"No, sorr, we did not."

"Is there anything else, Murphy?"

"No, sorr."

"That's all."

Then Murphy, with shoulders erect, but to all appearance as blind as a bat, strode off on his little bow legs down the board walk toward the stables.

The lieutenant picked up his paper, saw that his sister had just given a big party on board of her husband's yacht and read over the names of the winners at the Rockaway races. Then he heard footsteps and, looking up, saw that a colonel's orderly was standing where Murphy had stood but a few minutes before.

"What is it, my man?" asked the lieutenant.

"Colonel would like to see you, sir," the orderly replied, "at your convenience, sir."

"I'll be over right away."

He stepped into his hot, stuffy little room, hid the newspaper under the pillow of his cot, hooked up his jacket and hooked on his sword and started for the colonel's quarters.

The colonel sat at his desk puffing away at a great cigar. He would blow down the smoke on the table and it would roll off the edges, scarcely rising in the still, heated atmosphere. The room was filled with filmy blue strata. The colonel was a little man, with a face like an American eagle, with a heavy gray mustache. He smoked a deal too much. He had a liver and was cognizant of it. He also had a voice that was entirely a misfit, so far as the colonel's appearance went, for it was deep and sonorous, and at the same time sharp and clear. No one ever mistook the colonel's orders because he could not hear them.

"Dress parade and inspection this afternoon, Mr. Carter," said the colonel.

"Yes, sir; I saw the orders this morning."

"Much cooler today."

"Think so, sir?"

Carter wondered if the hard, dry flesh on the colonel's bones ever felt any changes in the thermometer at all.

"Have a chair, Mr. Carter," went on the colonel, looking up, and this time blowing mathematically correct smoke rings toward the ceiling. "How are the new horses?"

"Only a middling lot, sir; might be better."

"Humph!" said the colonel. "That's in your department."

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't say it was your fault. But see what you can make of them."

"Did you wish to see me on something particular?" asked the lieutenant.

"Oh, yes; bandmaster reports that one of his nags turned very lame this morning. I want you to send up a good, quiet horse in time for dress parade. Have you got one that can stand music?"

"Yes, sir; I think so. What instrument, sir?"

"Bass drum, I believe."

"Very good, sir. I will have a mount for him."

"That's all."

"Thanks, sir." The lieutenant hurried out.

The post prided itself very highly on its mounted band. It was considered by all means the best in the service. The bandmaster was a German of some musical education, and he had surrounded himself with a company of good performers, the majority of them of the same nationality as himself. Colonel Shepard used to brag a good deal about the band.

Lieutenant Carter smiled to himself as he crossed the parade ground on his way to the stables a half hour later. He was thinking of Murphy's appearance. The bass drummer had the reputation of being something of a fighter. He was not exactly popular in the regiment, and the mental picture of little Murphy engaged in single combat with him caused the lieutenant's smile. As he came out of the stables he was met by Murphy himself at the door of the big corral. The little Irishman was a favorite among the officers because he was polite, eager and willing, and he could ride anything that had hide and hoofs. There he was standing at attention with about as much expression on his battered, swollen countenance as one finds on a bronze image of Buddha.

"Murphy," said Lieutenant Carter, lifting one foot to the lower rail of the corral fence, "I want your advice."

"Yes, sorr."

"Haven't we got a good, quiet horse that will stand music?" the lieutenant asked.

"Sure they all have to learn, sorr."

"Well, the colonel has asked me to pick out a sober, quiet mount for one of the band men. Let's see—I think it is the bass drummer."

"The bass drummer, sorr?" Murphy's eyes opened the merest fraction of an inch.

"Yes. Can't you recommend a good animal for him to ride at this evening's dress parade?"

Lieutenant Carter looked full into Murphy's face and slowly winked, not once, but three times. It might have been the sunlight.

"I have just the horse, sorr."

"Which one?"

"Well, he has no name yet that you could use in polite society," Murphy returned, "though he has been called a great roany, to be sure."

"Is he well up to weight?" the lieutenant asked.

"He will carry anything, sorr," replied Murphy without a quiver, adding to himself, "begad, that can stay on his back."

"Well, take him over to the bandmaster this afternoon and explain what he is for."

"Very good, sorr."

Lieutenant Carter went back to his quarters, unearthed the newspaper, strolled out on the veranda and read on for an hour. Now he chuckled to himself. All at once the bugle rang clear and high, and some movement was detected in the direction of the barracks. Officers strolled out buckling on their side arms, and some ladies with parasols and bright chintz dresses left the houses and strolled over in the direction of the colonel's quarters at the head of the parade ground, where in the evening the colonel's pretty wife poured tea.

The bugle blew again and with a clanking of accouterments and the dust raising of hoofs the troopers trotted out. It had grown a little cooler and the shadows had lengthened, but it was hot enough to make men grumble, and grumble they did as a matter of course. The line was formed. The colonel mounted his horse and the officers rode out before their companies, and then the band came lumbering and jingling down to the front to take their position on the end of the line. It was a fortunate thing that the bass drummer did not have to blow a horn. His great face had a slightly puffed appearance, and his lip protruded over his fine white teeth that were firmly set as he climbed [illegible] the horse he rode, which had a way of sidling very different from the staid, brown nag that had just been consigned to the hospital. As the drummer passed Lieutenant Carter the latter glanced at him.

The colonel, with his piercing gray eyes looking out under his bushy eyebrows, took his position, and drew his sword. "Sound off," he said.

Then came a few preliminary bleats of the horns and then came a boom and a crash.

It appeared as if something blew up all at once in the band, and, to tell the truth, it was principally the drummer. The music stopped, but the explosion continued. The black horse that had been called impolite names was asserting himself; he disliked the indignity that had been thrust upon him. That was evident from the first, but now he concluded to rid himself of the degradation. With his head between his knees, his back arched and his leg stiffened, he was bucking away like the winner in a wild west show. For a few seconds the drummer managed to hold on somehow, but no human backbone could stand it, and, with a despairing curse, the big fellow shot up into the air, landed on all fours, then sprawled face downward in the dust.

But the nameless one was not satisfied. The drum was still attached to him by a leather thong, and out of the melee he emerged like a football player, determined to make a touchdown. Eager hands had snatched at his bridle, but he broke away. Down the line he came, the bass drum playing a sonorous solo upon his flanks. When about opposite the adjutant, who to save his life could not utter a word of command, he concluded to make a detour to the left. The ranks parted for him. He pursued his thumping course for a few feet up the line. Then, thinking probably that he would be better appreciated where he could be seen, he charged through from rear to right and emerged again, lunging like a vicious rubber creature [illegible] planting himself into the ground [illegible] instead of being [illegible] he should find himself in the air again.

The whole troop was in an uproar now, but above the sounds of laughter arose the colonel's voice.

"Catch that horse, somebody!" he roared. "Take hold of him, one of you men!"

Maybe the nameless black heard this order and determined to give the colonel the first chance, for, head down and tail up, whanging and banging, he charged down upon the commander of the post.

Now, the horse the colonel rode was a tried veteran. He had once faced cracking rifles and had ridden up at the head of a charge against a band of screaming, shrieking hostiles. But this strange looking thing coming down upon him was too much for his nerves. He swerved. The colonel leaned forward, as if to take matters into his own hands and put a stop to the riot, but he reckoned entirely without his host. His own horse, the tried and trusted one, could stand the strain no longer. With a snort of terror he stretched out his neck and bolted. The colonel tried to stop him. If there had been an uproar before, it was chaos now. Straight upon the heels of the colonel's nag came the bounding, resounding mixture of drum and horse, and, worse luck, the colonel's charger had lost his head completely. Instead of turning to the open country to the west, he made off to the eastward straight for the post laundry, where some of the washerwomen were gathering up the clothes that had hung all day in the blazing sun. Into the mixture of [illegible] and clothes [illegible] the colonel rode. A line caught him under the chin but [illegible]. The horse became frightened at the sight of one of the laundresses who was protecting herself by flourishing a red petticoat apparently at his head. He whirled, and once more the colonel emerged upon the parade ground, while behind him streamed the line of clothes. He looked for all the world like a dismantled kite. If there had been any personal danger attached to the colonel's wild career, maybe some one might have tried to come to his assistance. As it was, most of the men could hardly keep their saddles. Carter and the other officers were doubled up. The lieutenant cast his eye back at his own company. The sight of Murphy he could never forget. Both his legs were hanging free of the stirrups and kicking wildly. He would have fallen had it not been that the troopers on either side were endeavoring to keep him on the saddle.

"Hurroo, hurroo!" he was wailing at the top of his voice. Laughter was beyond him. He could only make loud and extravagant noises—noises that had never been heard before, yelps and shrieks and wild cachinnations that threatened his very existence. The tears were rolling from his blackened, bruised eyes. He would catch his breath and then burst into a roar of incoherent noise—simply noise—no words, just sounds.

The drummer was disentangling himself.

The cause of all this turmoil had swerved out of the clothes yard back into full view again. His bucks were becoming less violent from sheer exhaustion. And now the drummer, as if to assert himself and release himself from the disgrace of having lost control of his mount—a horrible thing to happen to any cavalryman—ran out. His fine uniform was ripped up the back, his helmet was gone, but nevertheless he headed straight for the black horse, and the latter, as if perceiving that here was another victim, made straight for him. The big man made a stand of it and reached for the bridle, but the crazy animal turned quickly. The drum swung around in front of him, and how it happened no one knew, but the lashings that held it broke, and the first thing the regiment knew the drummer was disentangling himself from the broken barrel, much as a clown would step from a paper ring. He picked up the debris and limped off toward his quarters. And now the colonel, having succeeded in stopping and disentangling himself from the clothesline, was shouting orders. Something like attention was restored, and the line, visibly shaking, was formed again.

Sergeant Schreiber rode out and touched his cap to Lieutenant Carter, who in the absence of his commanding officer, was acting captain of his company.

"May one of my men fall out, sir?" he asked. "A bit of sunstroke, I think, sir."

Carter gave permission. He turned round and saw Murphy, too weak hardly to sit on his horse, make his way toward the stables, his feet hanging loose from his stirrups, and his whole body wavering back and forth. Another trooper had hold of the bridle.

An orderly galloped down the line: "Lieutenant Carter, the colonel asks you to report to him at once."

Carter rode up. There was not the ghost of a smile on the colonel's hard, set features.

"Mr. Carter," he asked sternly, "did you know that that horse was a buck jumping black devil?"

"I hadn't a suspicion, sir," the lieutenant responded quietly.

"Take your post, sir."

* * * * *

"What was the matter with that man in your company, Carter?" asked the surgeon that evening. Several men had gathered at the lieutenant's quarters, where their laughter could not be heard across the parade ground.

"I don't know what you might call it," Carter answered, "but, I suppose, in learned phrase it might be mentioned as paralysis of the risibles."

"Colonel wants to see you, sir," said an orderly at the doorway.

In half an hour Carter had returned.

"What did the old man say?" questioned Jack Francis, who had the room next to Carter's own, looking up from his perusal of the League baseball scores.

"Four weeks' confinement to post," was the reply. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Down at the barracks Murphy had told his side of the story.

"It was me that done it, though I hold no grudge ag'in the colonel," he said. "But I am even with the drummer, Solad. Revinge is swate. Mary Ann'll niver look at him now."

And she never did.

CONFECTIONS FROM GRAIN.

Wheat and Malt Used in the Manufacture of Candy.

A manufacturing plant in New Jersey, formerly used as a manila paper mill, is now operated by a corporation engaged in the unique industry of making confections from wheat and malt, about the last materials in the world one would expect to find in candy.

In the earlier stages of the process the grain is fanned, ground and mixed in proper proportions. Then it is cooked to a mash, from which a thin strup is squeezed by hydraulic presses and conducted to a great iron evaporator. Thence the strup is carried in pipes to a vacuum pan. Here it is vigorously stirred and further evaporated. The thickened strup is drawn off into huge shallow tin pans, where it is cooled and kneaded. Plain or flavored with peppermint, the mass is a rich golden brown in color. Combined with chocolate it is dark as the familiar caramel in the candy shops.

When a batch of goods is needed for the market, the stock in the pans is broken into pieces and put into a boiler surrounded by a steam jacket. It is reduced by heat to the consistency of taffy at an old fashioned candy pull. Skilled workmen shape the mass into long strips that lie like golden snakes on a board table.

They are fed to a cutting machine, a noisy little monster with an insatiable appetite for sweets. You could almost cover the machine with a hat, yet it turns out malt creamlets nearly as fast as a Maxim gun hurls a storm of bullets. The boys who carry the creamlets from the machine to the tables where they are wrapped have little time for meditation.—Chautauqua Herald.

EDITOR STOREY'S NOTION.

Theory on Which He Remitted a Fine and Raised a Salary.

"I was slashing copy on old Storey's Chicago Times many years ago," said one of the guests at a reunion dinner. "We had a correspondent in an Illinois town who simply would not subordinate his matter, but as he generally sent good stuff we let him run on, slashing his stuff to suit the exigencies of the night. Besides, his stuff always suggested good headlines, and that was one of Storey's hobbies.

"On one occasion the correspondent sent up about 700 words which went into 100, with nothing over. On the 100 words I constructed a headline which was right up to the mark. The next day I was instructed to tell the man who made out the checks for the country correspondents to knock $5 off the correspondent's pay.

"When he received his check, he wrote to Mr. Storey saying that under ordinary circumstances he wouldn't kick about the deduction, but in this particular instance he did because the fool headline over the item made by a fool telegraph editor had infuriated the man whose name was mentioned in the dispatch and brought on a fight between him and the correspondent, the result of which was that the correspondent was fined $5 in the police court.

"Mr. Storey was a very just man when you got at him the right way. He instructed the cashier to send the correspondent the amount of the fine and raised my salary because the headline I wrote had caused a row. That was his way of encouraging a headline writer."—New York Sun.

FLOWER AND TREE.

A single leaf of the orange tree, carefully planted, will often take root and grow.

Seven-year-old tea plants yield four ounces of leaves apiece, or 700 pounds of tea to the acre.

New Zealand has in its edelweiss a plant differing but slightly from the famous Swiss variety.

An oak tree at 100 years averages 41 inches in diameter, a larch 40 inches, an elm 50 inches and a pine 29 inches.

A white pine tree 20 years old ought to be about 25 feet high, and at 30 or 40 years of age it ought to measure about 60 feet.

The pest of British Columbia forests is a plant called the devil's club. It has spikes which, when they enter the flesh, break off and produce poisoned wounds, which fester.

The Oath.

The oath was originally an appeal to divine authority to ratify an assertion. The old Greek gods swore by the Styx, and Jehovah is represented in the early books of the Bible as swearing by himself, there being none higher. The form of an oath among the Hebrews was "By the God of Abraham," "God do so unto me" and "God knoweth."

THE PASSING BAND.

A lone, deep drum,
Thrummed! a [illegible] monotone,
Up soareth the horn with an exultant flare
That dies, is reborn—just a flash of an air,
Through the rumble of drums, as their throbbing beat
Sends a rhythmic pulse down the winding street
Then a streaming pennant of sound is unfurling,
Flamboyant from wall to wall it swung
Near—and more near, the harmonies clear
Build skyward a ponderous tower, then sheer
It breaks in a clarion clash of sounds,
An ululant tumult, that bounds and rebounds;
A voluminous groan
From the blaring trombone
And a clangor of brass
As the cymbals pass,
Then the drum's lone boom as the melodies fly
Forward—and waver—and faint—and die
Into murmur amphoric,
Sweet blending, choric,
To a faraway swell
Till at last they knell
In a note long drawn—
Are gone—on—gone.

—London Academy.

BUNKOED BY A GREEK.

.....BY M. QUAD.

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The pair of us had been in Athens three or four days when a party of English excursionists who were making a tour arrived. Among them was an antiquary who was looked up to and respected for his knowledge of ancient history and ruins, and each evening there was a gathering in the parlors of the hotel to hear him give a sort of lecture on what he had seen during the day. Professor Hempstead, as he was named, had been charged to pick up all the old Greek manuscripts to be had for money, and it was his inquiries for such documents that doubtless led to our undoing. One day a man named Talanti, who had somewhat the manners and dress of a gentleman, brought the professor two ancient manuscripts as a present, and to show his further good will he announced a valuable discovery which had just been made on the island of Ægina, about 40 miles distant. He was the owner of the island, and while his workmen were getting out stone they had come across some rare treasures in art, but had developed only a small portion of them. They had partly uncovered a stone box which he believed held a large number of manuscripts and valuable coins, but he had delayed the opening of it that some of his friends might be present. Three or four of them were going to his island home on the [illegible] and he would be glad to have a party of us foreigners go along [illegible] make it convenient. The voyage would be made in his schooner, and there would be no trouble about feeding and lodging all who chose to go.

A PATTERED OLD SCHOONER.

Aside from the English party, there were Americans, Germans and Frenchmen to the number of 20 in Athens, and when the list was made up we numbered over 40, of whom 10 were ladies. When we came on board the schooner, there was considerable surprise at finding her the craft she was. She was nothing more than a trader, and her accommodations were of the most primitive character. Mr. Talanti's friends, who were supposed to be eminent professors, turned out to be a common looking lot and not inclined to be sociable, but we were out for a jaunt and might expect a few drawbacks. We had a favorable wind for the voyage, and the professor and others felt that it would be the event of their lives. As the weather was pleasant and we had brought lunch from the hotel, our noonday meal was a sort of picnic. For an hour or two after the meal Professor Hempstead entertained us with a historic lecture, and time passed pleasantly for all hands.

My friend could speak Greek, but when he attempted to enter into conversation with Mr. Talanti's friends he found them surly enough. This excited our surprise, as they were supposed to be gentlemen. When we came to look them over, we began to get a little suspicious. Their language and manners did not correspond with their dress, and they did not seem to be at their ease. We also caught one of them exchanging a wink and a grin with one of the common sailors, and this caused us much worriment. In a quiet way we reported the fact to one of the English party, and he quietly replied:

"Do you know, I've got a suspicion that this is a put up job and that we shall hear something drop as soon as we land at the island."

"But why should Mr. Talanti deceive us?" we asked.

"In the first place, is he what he represents himself? Who made any inquiries about him? In the next place, you never saw an aristocrat with such big hands and feet. His skin is coarse, his language full of slips, and you may notice a sort of roll to his gait, as if he had been at sea for years. I believe the man's an impostor."

"But Professor Hempstead seems to be perfectly satisfied with him."

"That counts for nothing. The professor may be up on ancient Greece, but he is way off on confidence games. I believe we are in for some sort of a skin game, but it's nonsense to worry over it. We have walked into the trap like a lot of idiots."

The island was fairly well covered with trees, and yet it did not have a hospitable look. As we made a closer approach we could see a couple of rude huts and a primitive jetty, but Mr. Talanti explained that his castle was hidden by the forest and that he was landing at that point to save us a long walk. It was as we were drifting in to make fast to the wharf that others in our party became suspicious. The noble Greek was neither crafty nor diplomatic. He let the mask slip and betray him or at least aroused wonder and distrust, but the most suspicious of us were hardly prepared for the climax.

As soon as the craft was made fast the three eminent friends of Mr. Talanti suddenly produced pistols and knives and took their stations by the gangway. The sailors divided into two parties, [illegible] scratched his head and got it into his brain that something was [illegible] was going [illegible]

"Ladies and gentlemen," [illegible] about [illegible] wonderful discovery [illegible] is expected to leave behind [illegible] money and jewelry [illegible] everything [illegible]

"But what—what [illegible]" asked the [illegible] looked around [illegible]

"It's robbery!" cried three or four voices in chorus.

"Do not mar the harmony of the occasion with hard words," [illegible] chief [illegible] purses and jewelry [illegible] with the professor [illegible]

The naturalist [illegible] could they do? [illegible] was a firearm among them, while the Greeks seemed to be [illegible] There were protestations [illegible] threats of the law [illegible] smiled at [illegible] go on. Each man in our crowd was regularly held up [illegible] were thoroughly searched, and every thing of value was taken. The women were requested to hand over purses, watches [illegible] and rings [illegible] she moved up. In the course of half an hour the last one was ashore, and then Talanti took off his hat, made a sweeping bow and sailed away with [illegible] a dozen [illegible] They [illegible] The [illegible] and disappointment [illegible] When [illegible] hour later [illegible] ashore in [illegible] vessels [illegible] and a dollar [illegible] for [illegible] nearest [illegible] izing our helplessness, they demanded the sum of $100 [illegible] ey to pay [illegible] vailed upon to take an I O U signed by all the men of the party.

It was almost dark when a battered old schooner came sailing up to take us off, and the terms were $1 apiece, to be paid in Athens. We spent a dreary night on deck and landed in the city at noon next day. Immediate notice was given to the various consuls and to the Greek government, but no one had any faith that anything would be accomplished. The government made loud promises and seemed to be making all possible efforts, but as a matter of fact Mr. Talanti was not even pursued. He never could have put up and carried through such a job without a number of officials standing in with him, and each and every one of them doubtless shared in the plunder when it was divided. It was said that the money and jewelry amounted to about $6,000, and the only consolation any of the victims had was the privilege of abusing a country where such things could be carried out.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed it is to those [illegible] that we are indebted for the first [illegible] the forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archæologists the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that chemicals and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the process of finishing the leather, but, after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.

Cities Without Slums.

Berlin has none of the horrible slums which disgrace London and so many other English towns. Even in the poorest quarters the dwellings are good, the streets well paved, clean [illegible] comparatively well [illegible] slums in the English sense of the word. Kioto, in Japan, and Sevastopol, in Russia, both boast an absence of slums and paupers. In England the largest manufacturing town which is free from this reproach is probably Huddersfield, and after that would come Leamington Spa and London by the Sea.—Pearson's Weekly.

There They Were.

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I am here," said the [illegible] "because of my [illegible] habit of making light of things." [illegible]

"And I," [illegible] the forger, [illegible] desire to make [illegible] or sowed [illegible]

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town."—Kansas City Independent.

Sleeping Rooms.

In all sleeping apartments where carpet is used in the interest of health an uncovered painted margin should entirely surround the room so as to prevent the accumulation of dust possibly containing dangerous microbes in the cracks. If this border is regularly washed with water containing a disinfectant, it will also aid materially in purifying the room.

Not Overlated.

"I suppose," said the effusive lady who was visiting the M[illegible], "your wife is sure that she [illegible] husband that ever lived."

"Yes," answered Mr. [illegible] thing like [illegible] time I don't [illegible] saying [illegible]—Star.

Advice From Way Up.

"I understand," [illegible] the parachute [illegible] world [illegible] young and [illegible] time I don't think [illegible] you in the least."

Whereupon the parachutist [illegible]—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Kind He Wanted.

"Young man," said the fortune teller, going into a trance, "I can see you in the near future with a ladyship."

"Make it an heirship [illegible] can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Archie, slipping another half dollar into her hand.—Chicago Tribune.

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1901.

Republican Ticket.

FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE
WILLIAM P. POTTER
of Pittsburg.

FOR STATE TREASURER
FRANK G. HARRIS
of Clearfield.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. W. BOYD,
of Bradford.

FOR CORONER,
B. H. HALL, M. D.,
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
B. G. BARTLE,
of Port Allegany.

The attempted assassination of President Wm. McKinley cast a gloom of sadness over the United States and the whole civilized world which was quickly followed by a wave of righteous indignation and a mad desire to mete out vengeance on the perpetrator and real instigators of this terrible crime. The punishment prescribed by law is much to mild too do the criminal justice and the noble words of our beloved President when he was thought to have been dying saved Czolgosz from lynch law.

Why should anyone wish to take the life of such a noble ruler of our nation? What caused him to do it? has been asked by millions and the universal answer is: His belief in anarchy. But why should anarchy exist in a free country like the United States? Our immigration laws are too lax. They allow outcasts from all foreign countries (China excepted) to land here provided they have a few dollars and thousands of anarchists are driven to the United States every year. They are natural enemies of the law and any kind of government whether right or wrong. The yellow journals, who attack our public officials without provocation, add fire to the wrath of anarchists against our government and the result is that some fool thinks it is his duty to kill our public officials.

Anarchy and yellow journalism have brought this great sorrow upon us. How long must we tolerate both or either.

THE Columbia has been selected to defend the cup. May her defense be sufficient.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON said, when asked how the crime of September 6th would affect the international races: "The committee will do what is right. I will stay all winter if necessary, to show my respect for President McKinley." It looks now as if the President would be safely convalescent before the 21st inst—the date selected for the first race.

JOHN MOST, anarchist, is not far wrong when he asserts that the caricatures of President McKinley printed in the yellow journals, daily for weeks and months, representing him as a weak little creature led about by Senator Hanna and bloated giants labelled "Trusts," have done more to stir unbalanced minds to lawlessness than all the cold advocacy of the annihilation of rulers by Emma Goldman.

J. BUNYAN LEMON has taken out a six-inch rule, measured up God Almighty's purpose, and announces from the pulpit where for some inscrutable reason he is allowed to preach that "in the attempted assassination of President McKinley he—the said J. Bunyan Lemon—sees the hand of God because the President had an opportunity to suppress the liquor traffic in the Philippines but failed to do his duty." Mr. Lemon said: "God had not only manifested His displeasure in this way, but was teaching an impressive lesson to the American people." Can't Bostock find room in the cage of monkeys for this preacher? And yet, what have those poor monkeys done that they should be so humiliated publicly?—Buffalo Commercial. Carrie Nation is of the same class with Mr. Lemon, but she, poor girl, is crazy.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Sept. 9, 1901.

The tragic and wholly unexpected calamity which has befallen President McKinley and the country is of course the overshadowing topic of interest in Washington to day. While astute observers of public events had long recognized the possibility of such a tragedy, to the mass of the people it had the bewildering effect of a thing entirely unforeseen. It had been foreshadowed to some extent in the assassination of Empress Elizabeth and King Humbert, which proved the power and wicked daring of the anarchist societies; and it was practically certain that sooner or later this power would be felt in America, in precisely the form which it had taken. The attempted assassination of H. C. Frick by Bergman, after the Homestead riot, showed that such a deed was not by any means foreign to the thoughts of anarchists in America, and this type of assassin regards his victim as desirable in proportion to the power which he wields. That the thing was planned skilfully and carefully, and that the assassin was ordered by some secret association to commit the crime, was proved to the satisfaction of everybody within reach of daily papers before the news was six hours old. The fact that the assassin is not of the criminal type, that he has been calm and coherent in his testimony, and that his action was quite deliberate and well planned all remove this case from the class of crimes committed by half crazy place hunters like Guiteau, or political antagonists like Booth. It is simply the result of an organized determined and well considered movement, whose object is, by the assassination of persons in power, and by causing public calamity of one sort or another, to intimidate and terrorize society with a view to abolishing all social institutions. That is in plain English the anarchist's idea of his duty; and whether he is to be allowed to entertain and obey that idea to the extent which he thinks fit, depends entirely upon public sentiment.

It is doubtful if the news could have caused in the rest of the country, such deep-rooted pain and apprehension as it caused in the national capital. It may be said without qualification that no President has endeared himself to the people of Washington more than President McKinley. His unfailing tact, his invariable serenity, his attention to the wants and pleasures of those around him, have become known to the people of this city in a hundred different ways. Republicans all over the country may have learned during his public life, before and after his coming to the White House, to respect his ability and admire his character; in Washington, which has been his home for many years, he has won the esteem of even his political opponents by his admiral personal qualities.

There are men in power who pride themselves on their ability to say "no," but they frequently say it in such a manner that their interlocutor feels as if he had been kicked. Mr. McKinley could always refuse a favor in a way that made the disappointed one choke down his feelings until he was out of the official presence, and even then he was not always sure that he was disappointed. No one ever had to complain of a discourtesy from Mr. McKinley as Representative or as President. He was placed in many difficult positions, but he always got out of them without hurting anyone's feelings more than was absolutely necessary. Another lovable trait in character is his faculty of remembering and noticing little things of importance to others. If one of his friends had a daughter married or lost a child President McKinley never forgot to express his sympathy with the joy or sorrow as the case might be. If he could do nothing more he would send a tactful little note. He was never on his dignity, because his dignity was himself and not a pedestal. He was accessible and approachable from the first of his term in the White House, and he always seemed to know what to say to everybody. Possibly a part of this tact and consideration can be traced to his well-known devotion to his invalid wife. Those who are members of the inner circle of Washington society know many charming little stories of this devotion, which are not given to the public. A man cannot give himself so completely to the task of caring for a beloved and delicate woman without becoming refined and ennobled by the performance of the duty.

This is why, with an interest quite apart from sensation-seeking, great crowds of people thronged the avenues near the newspaper offices and watched the bulletin boards eagerly until past midnight Friday night for news of the President's condition.

A curious item appears in the news which the War Department is giving out. The Act of Congress which increased the army to 100,000 men caused promotions all along the line, and eventually there were about 900 vacancies in the position of second lieutenant to be filled by the President. The law is that these places shall be filled by giving commissions to enlisted men who pass the examination and by the appointment of men within certain age limits who have served in the volunteer army. The famine alluded to is not due to a lack of applicants. Secretary Root had nearly 12,000 applications to sort over and weed out, and probably every one of the applicants thought he could perform the duties of the position to perfection. The enlisted men had the first chance. About 400 took the examination, and of these nearly 200 passed and received their commissions. Then many of the former volunteer officers and men were disposed of by being designated for appointment. It is not known how many of them have been through this experience, but the total runs into the thousands. The trouble seems to be that they cannot pass the examination. Some of them are complaining that these are unduly severe, but the department says that men appointed in this way enter the service on a supposed equality with West Point graduates and ought to know, if not as much, at least somewhere near as much as the cadet knows at graduation. Many of them probably know more in some ways. But the point is that it is the aim of the department to place in responsible positions men who come from families which attach some importance to education for themselves, and the examination is the only practicable method of weeding out uneducated men who have nothing in common with their brother officers. In short, the education is a sort of shibboleth. The conclusion of the whole matter is that there are said to be at present over 400 vacancies, and nobody who was not in the army during the Spanish war is eligible.

Another difficulty is bothering the Navy Department. Surgeon General Van Reypen of the Navy is trying to find four young doctors who can pass the examination for the position of assistant surgeon in the Navy Department. It has been hard work of late to find good men for the grade of assistant surgeons, and the medical corps has not been complete since the civil war. The trouble seems to be that the requirements are so great that most of the men who can pass the examination are in private practice and earning good incomes. The Navy Department also has trouble in getting sailors for cruisers and battleships.

Court Proceedings.

Civil court convened here Monday afternoon with Judge Thomas A. Morrison presiding.

The following cases were continued: Charles Means vs. Jennie Means, divorce; P. O. Buchanan vs. Rebecca Wilson, assumpsit; the Union Storage Co. vs. the Gold Leaf Distilling Co.; Smith Bros. vs. J. J. Goodwin; George W. Mitchell vs. Bridget Sheehy, replevin; Burtch & Van Wegan vs. Mrs. L. R. Barr. The following cases were settled: P. B. Wright vs. J. C. Looker; Theodore Walline vs. F. W. Nelson.

In the case of Dr. A. M. Straight vs. James Mahoney the jury found verdict in favor of plaintiff for $255.

The next case called was that of W. H. Swort vs. The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad. The plaintiff is a farmer and lives near Farmers Valley on the route of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad company, which runs through his farm. When the viewers made their award for damages they gave Swort $400, but he was not satisfied and took an appeal. The case was tried last winter and the jury allowed him $838. On a rule to show cause why a new trial should not be granted the court directed that Swort accept $700 in settlement of his claim or the court would grant a new trial. He decided to take his chances on a new trial and this time received verdict for $1,100.

STORY OF THE CRIME

Details of the Dastardly Assault On the President.

Assassin Concealed Revolver In Bandaged Hand and Committed Cowardly Act While Giving Sign of Friendship. Crowd Tried to Lynch Him. McKinley's Superb Coolness.

It was [illegible] day wh[illegible] McKinley w[illegible] ng a public re[illegible] of Music [illegible] that the cowardly attack was made, with what [illegible].

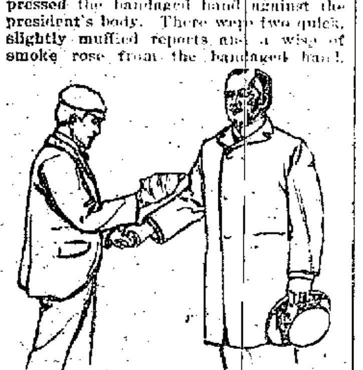
Standing in the [illegible] bering thousands, surrounded by [illegible] of good will [illegible] of polyglot peoples, showered with expressions of [illegible] and loyalty [illegible] by multitudes, all eager to grasp his hand—amidst these surroundings and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an admiring army of sightseers ringing in his ears the blow of the assassin fell and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury and pandemonium followed.

Was Fully Exposed.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze upon their well beloved executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then fight their way out in the good-natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to the building.

Copyright, 1900, by Charles A. Gray.
PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

It was shortly after 4 p. m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party a medium-sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the president. His right hand was bandaged in a white handkerchief, as if the hand was sore. He was patient in line and presented no appearance out of the ordinary. He stepped briskly up to the president when it came his turn, grasped the extended hand in his left hand and pressed the bandaged hand against the president's body. There were two quick, slightly muffled reports and a wisp of smoke rose from the bandaged hand.



HOW CZOLGOSZ SHOT THE PRESIDENT.
[The would be assassin concealed his revolver in a handkerchief as shown in the cut.]

The bandage was merely the covering of a revolver, with which the dastardly crime was committed.

For a moment there was silence—the silence that follows the discharge of a bombshell. The president stood stock-still, a look of hesitancy, almost of bewilderment, on his face. Then he retreated a step while a pallor began to steal over his features. The multitude, only partially aware that something serious had happened, paused in the silence of surprise, while necks were craned and all eyes turned as one toward the rostrum where a great tragedy was being enacted.

Assassin Quickly Captured.

Then came a commotion. With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse and sprang toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States secret service men who were on the lookout and whose duty it was to guard against just such a calamity as had here befallen the president and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the president.

As one man the trio hurled themselves upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon was wrested from his grasp and strong arms pinioned his arms.

A murmur arose, spread and swelled to a hum of confusion, then grew to a babel of sounds and later to a pandemonium of noises. The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing now with a single impulse surged forward toward the stage of the horrified drama, while a hoarse cry welled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the dastardly crime.

The assailant was quickly seized by secret service men and policemen. He was knocked down and kicked about the head and body several times, but was finally rushed to a carriage, while officers with drawn revolvers rode with him.

The carriage was driven at a gallop to the gates. Several attempts were made to upset it, but it got safely outside and the prisoner was landed at police headquarters. He refused to say anything further than that his name was Fred

LEON CZOLGOSZ.

Nieman. He said that he came from Detroit.

On the slightly raised dais where, within those few [illegible] moments, a tragedy so dramatic [illegible] so thrilling in intensity [illegible] on will ever [illegible] account of what [illegible]. Even the actors who were [illegible] principal roles [illegible] blanched faces, trembling [illegible] with their brains throbbed with a tumult of conflicting emotions which left behind only a chaotic jumble of impressions which could not be chained into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

But of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil [illegible] there was but one [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] tenor and [illegible] not at the [illegible] juncture. They were the [illegible] President McKinley.

[illegible] seated himself [illegible] in his [illegible].

Everyone Was Excited.

[illegible]

The stretcher was placed on the floor and the wounded president was lifted by Mr. Milburn, Mr. Cortelyou and the experienced ambulance corps, and laid gently on the pillows. The president groaned slightly, as though in great pain, but recovered, pressed his lips firmly, and resigned himself to the care of the [illegible] men about him.

At least 20 men carried the stretcher out, up the three or four steps to the door, the southwest door, and as it opened and the great crowd caught a glimpse of the prostrate and wounded chieftain upon the stretcher, a groan of grief, so sympathetic and so earnestly from the great heart of the American people, went up to the heavens as a token of the sorrow overshadowing them.

The people were unprepared, the awfulness of the occasion was so far beyond their comprehension that the only expressions they could utter were gasps of [illegible], the burden of which was their inability to believe this tragic truth.

Great Groan of Grief.

Men uncovered their heads. Their tongues swelled in their throats, they looked at each other in the most sympathetic way, as though each wished to claim the other for his common brother that they might have the strength to stand under the crushing blow.

Here in this vast sorrow-stricken assemblage, which reached from the great Electric Tower to the north, to the Triumphal Causeway to the south and even beyond that, was truly exemplified the bond of sympathy which linked all mankind. No man was weak who wept; it was the time for weeping. There was not then the slightest cry of vengeance [illegible] that came as an afterthought. At this time, when the bullet pierced body of their ruler was being carried out [illegible] and through their midst, it was one of genuine sympathy that came only from the heart. Women were no more affected than men. They clung close to each other; it was a moment when every one felt that he needed help, help of any kind, only a word, a look, that was all.

With the powerful military and police escort, all on the double quick, the president was hurried away to the emergency hospital, where a room had been prepared for him.

Messages had been quickly sent to different parts of the city for the most eminent physicians and surgeons, and the first call was for Dr. Rixey, the family physician, who had left the grounds with Mrs. McKinley for the Milburn house. He was quick to arrive in a steam automobile, with two trained nurses, and they tore through the grounds

MRS. M'KINLEY.

at a terrific pace until the hospital was reached.

Nieman was detained a good [illegible] in the Temple of Music while the president was removed to the hospital. Then, under escort of police with a guard of soldiers to help back the excited throng in the Esplanade, Nieman was placed in a carriage and driven at a gallop down Delaware avenue, past the home where the invalid wife of the president was waiting for her husband, to police headquarters, where he was locked up. The thousands who waited about the Temple of Music surged forward when he appeared, tearing down the barrier ropes, fighting with the officers and the soldiers and shouting: "Lynch him! lynch him!—hang him! kill him!" Some clutched at the horses, others at the wheels of the carriage. The police and soldiers forced back the crowd and the carriage got away.

The [illegible] of the would-be assassin from the hands of the infuriated [illegible] was in accord with the wishes of the president. As the president sank back in the arms of Detective Gary and President Milburn, after the shooting, he gasped the name of his secretary, Cortelyou. The secretary bent over him.

"Be Careful About My Wife."

"Be careful about my wife," he gasped. "Do not tell her."

[illegible] writhing in the agony of his wound, [illegible] turned and saw his arrested [illegible] helpless on the floor beneath the blows of soldiers and detectives. He raised his right hand, stained with the blood of his wound, and

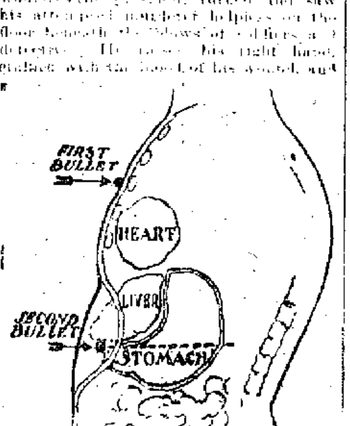


DIAGRAM SHOWING WHERE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY WAS WOUNDED.

[illegible] of his secretary, he whispered [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The news of the shooting spread like wildfire at the [illegible] exposition. Crowds were thunderstruck. [illegible] upon the Buffalo city [illegible] traction [illegible]

[illegible] to shake his hand. No one was suspicious of the would-be assassin. He [illegible] with [illegible] handkerchief.

In Midst of Protectors.

The president stood in the center of the big auditorium, smiling and grasping cordially the hand of every man and woman who approached him. Gathered about him were a portion of United States secret service detectives, [illegible] of the Buffalo police. The detectives were within [illegible] feet of Mr. McKinley, watching closely every man who approached. They were not expecting an attack on his life; it is customary for detectives to guard him thus [illegible] appears in public.

The young man moved slowly along the narrow way which stretched through the crowd [illegible]. He had his bandaged hand covered [illegible] the great [illegible] saw him [illegible] hand. They had not the faintest suspicion that it [illegible] a weapon which was to strike perhaps a death blow [illegible] whose life they were guarding. [illegible]

Just as the [illegible] the wounded [illegible] the young man, the would-be assassin [illegible] Mr. McKinley [illegible] shot him.

Two [illegible] smoke [illegible]. The young man [illegible] handiwork. The president stood like a statue with his [illegible].

He had not [illegible].

A wave of intense excitement swept through the [illegible]. It was that fearful hush which settles over a crowd which is [illegible] of.

The instant the [illegible] at the same instant [illegible].

"I Wonder if I'm Hit."

Detective [illegible] not three feet from the president, put his arms around the latter and supported him, although [illegible].

"I wonder if I'm hit," the president said to Detective Geary.

"I think you are," replied the detective.

The president then opened the bottom of his vest and revealed a spot of blood.

The detective seized the would-be assassin [illegible]. Mistaking [illegible] at his throat [illegible].

Made Partial Confession.

[illegible]

The man's name is Leon Czolgosz. He is of Polish [illegible]. He has seven brothers and sisters.

He is an avowed anarchist and an ardent disciple of Emma Goldman, whose teachings he says are responsible for [illegible] attack on the president. He denies emphatically that he is the instrument of any body of anarchists or the tool of any [illegible] plotters. [illegible] The Cleveland directory shows a large number of persons of the name of Czolgosz all within the radius of a few blocks in the neighborhood of Hosmer street and Adams avenue.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. [illegible], February Term, 190[illegible].

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Wayne [illegible] Mason did, on the [illegible] [illegible]

WILLIAM [illegible] CLARKE,
Sheriff's office, Smethport, Pa., Sept. [illegible]

QUESTION OF TIME ONLY

President's Recovery Is Now an Assured Fact

Condition Is Normal, Blood Tests Show the Wound Is Healing Rapidly. He Takes Nourishment In the Usual Way and Is So Recuperated In Strength That He Is Able to Be Moved to Another Bed.

BUFFALO, [illegible]

It is [illegible] The attention of the [illegible] was mainly directed to the [illegible]. This wound is progressing satisfactorily. "The [illegible] of the wound," [illegible] put it officially.

Scare Had No Foundation.

The slight scare which [illegible] announcement of the [illegible] wound did not [illegible] when fuller details of [illegible] character and [illegible]. "The incident," [illegible] not have been mentioned in the history of an ordinary hospital case, and the physicians debated for some time upon the propriety of making it public. However, as they had promised to take the public into their confidence, they finally concluded that [illegible] pledge compelled them to [illegible] it.

Their frankness [illegible] excellent effect. [illegible] all who may still have harbored doubts as to whether the public was getting the whole truth [illegible]. The country generally [illegible].

Another [illegible] recovery [illegible] today [illegible] showing [illegible] official bulletins. [illegible] remained [illegible] from daylight until dark.

The evidence of [illegible] president's [illegible]

Dr. McBurney said:

"The [illegible] proved [illegible] appointed and it will [illegible] 24 hours. [illegible] that the wound was [illegible] with such satisfactory results. There is not the slightest sign of [illegible] or any other complication. [illegible] the conditions are [illegible] of that."

It is now virtually decided that [illegible] president to Washington until he has completely recovered [illegible] Washington [illegible] remained.

Mrs. McKinley still displays the same brave fortitude [illegible]

CENTRAL
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
Lock Haven, Pa.
J. R. Flickinger, Principal.
Fall Term Opens September 9, 1901.

A training school of the first rank for teachers.

FREE TUITION

for prospective teachers. High grade faculty. Splendid equipment. College preparatory fits for the best colleges. Excellent courses in music, elocution and business. Expenses lower than in any other institution of equal rank. Remember tuition is absolutely free to prospective teachers who are seventeen years of age. Address for illustrated catalog,

THE PRINCIPAL.

EDINBORO
State Normal School
FREE TUITION.

A high grade school for teachers. Strong faculty. Fine library, splendid equipment. Expenses very moderate. Fall term begins September [illegible].

Address for catalogue,
John F. Bigler, Principal,
EDINBORO, PA.

St. Joseph's Academy.
[illegible], PA.
For Young Ladies, [illegible]
[illegible]
KINDERGARTEN
The Mother Superior.

FALLING IN WITH
A GOOD PLUMBER

[illegible] in the course of a year [illegible] claim to the title of

GOOD PLUMBERS

It has been honestly earned and was bestowed by our hundreds of pleased customers.

Would like to show you the difference between good and bad work and high and low prices. All jobs receive prompt attention of competent workmen.

Palmer & Strong,
UNION 'PHONE 34,
REILLY BLOCK, Smethport.

Auditors' Report

Of Smethport School District For the Year Ending June, 1901.

[illegible]

R. C. SASSE,
GUY McCOY,
Auditors.

For Stylish
Millinery
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Our Line of
Trimmed Hats
Contains Many
Beautiful
Creations, that
Will be Sold
At and
Below Cost.

5 & 10 Cent Store.

The stock I have put into my store in entirely new and up to date in every particular. My goods were purchased by me in New York City and no better bargains can be found in any store in the country

The variety is large and includes many more useful articles than one would imagine could be found at such at such a store. You should look over my stock at your first opportunity. It will pay you well for your time.

MARY L. BISETT,
Rubin Block. Smethport, Pa.

Bicycle Repairing.

Having recently purchased of L. R. Vincent his stock and good will I am now prepared to do all kinds of

Bicycle and Light Repairing

I carry a full line of Bicycle Sundries and material for [illegible]

Sidney H. Brougham,
Cor. W[illegible] SMETHPORT, PA

PASADENA
KIDNEY CURE.
COUGH BALSAM.
LINIMENT.
[illegible] the Whole System.
[illegible] Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Etc.
The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.
PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Bell 'Phone 116. Union 'Phone 317.
Delicious and Strengthening
You Will Find
Dotterweich's
Pure Beer,
Made from Pure Malt and Hops
Physicians Recommend It.
Write or Telephone for a case for family use.
DOTTERWEICH BREWING CO.,
OLEAN, NEW YORK.
Thomas S. Whitton, President.
On Sale at—Wright House, Commercial House.

HAVE A LOOK!

We have received our full line of FALL & WINTER WOOLLENS in all shades and figures of the latest patterns . . . . . .

Come and "have a look" at the earliest date. . . . .

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

All
Summer Goods
Sold at Cost,
At Store of
D. C. Young
Have a nice lot of LAWNS, GINGHAMS, WHITE GOODS, &c.
Only a few SHIRT WAISTS, WRAPPERS and SUITS left. Call early and take your choice.
All will be sold at cost and for cash only.
D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., July 29, 1901.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Hammocks at Cost.

Only a Few Left.

Horses and Cattle.

Give your horses and cattle a rest by using 'Sure Fly Remedy. Price 75c gallon. Prepared by

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.
Opposite Court House.
Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Special Announcements This Week.

Advanced Autumn Styles in Tailor-Made Suits Several Grades $11 to $25.

Walking Skirts, Cloaks, Furs.

A Condensed List of School Children's Needfuls.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOES.

Misses' and Children's Shoes—A lot of high grade shoes in lines that are to be discontinued; not all sizes, but unusual values for children who can be fitted. Regularly $1.25 to $2.50; now $1.00 a pair.

Little Boys' Shoes—Well made from the leathers, including Patent leather, in up-to-date styles and of the sturdy kinds as well as the more dressy sorts Sizes, 9 to 13½—$1.50 to $2.00

Boys' and Youths' Shoes—Of Box Calf, suitable for autumn wear. Boys sizes 2½ to 5½; youths' sizes 13 to 2—from $2.00 to $3.00 a pr.

SCHOOL UMBRELLAS.

Children's Umbrellas — Of cotton gloria cloth, metal rods and natural wood handles at $.40

Children's Umbrellas—Of silk gloria cloth, metal rods, paragon frames, natural wood and fancy handles, at $1.00.

MANY THINGS OF MANY GRADES are made in the line of

WOODEN WARE.

Not all made are good, but all we have in stock are.

Prices are high enough to ensure merit, but low enough to make each article a bargain. Maybe we ask a cent or two more for some articles, but that cent or two isn't lost. 'Twill come back in time—the time our goods will outlast all others.

Redfield's Hardware,

Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa.

NEW AUTUMN MILLINERY.

We have just received an elegant line of new ready to wear hats, the latest things out and just what you want.

Prices Very Reasonable.

Now closing out all straw hats below cost.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN,

Next Door to Fry & Herzog's, Smethport, Pa.

LUMBER all kinds

Shingles Lath Doors Windows Lime Porch Posts Cements Newels Wall Plaster Rail, &c. Brick Sewer Pipe Tile Chimneys.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—New legal advertisements will be found in this issue.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman, the milliner, has a new ad this week.

—George Howe has purchased the Calkins property in East Smethport.

—The Mt. Jewett Maccabees will hold a picnic at that place on Wednesday of next week.

—The Marienville Express has changed hands, S. L. Pickens of Clarion now being the owner.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin last Friday, a daughter. Mother and child are doing nicely.

—See the new ad of The Famous clothing store in another column. A big reduction is being offered in the clothing line.

—The dancing class of Prof. Caskey is becoming popular and a large crowd was in attendance last Monday evening at the after-dance.

—Joseph Mischka, who is a good authority, tells the Express that the name Czolgosz should be pronounced as if spelled "Cholgosh."

—H. W. Rubin & Co. advertise their new fall suits this week. This old established firm can always be relied upon for anything in their line.

—Letters remaining in postoffice for the week ending Sept. 7, 1901: Miss Alta Clark, P. S. Davidson, E. J. Marsh, H. Smith, J. M. Wilson.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have a new ad this week which, among other things, calls attention to things for the school children at reduced prices.

—Mrs. Wm. B. Clarke and Mrs. H. C Wells gave a very pleasant at home to a number of friends at the pleasant home of Mrs. Wells on Cemetery street.

—The Smethport schools opened last Monday in the beautiful new building on King street with about 350 scholars enrolled and a corps of eight teachers.

—Mr. Mischka, organist of the Delaware avenue M. E. church and Temple Beth Zion, Buffalo, tested the new organ in the Methodist church Monday and pronounced it a first class instrument.

—Rev H. C. Woods, Presiding Elder, will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday evening. The pastor's subject for the morning is, "Well-Wishing, Not Well-Doing."

—The Haines bottle factory will commence operations on Monday next. When will the Port Allegany bottle house open its doors for the purpose of making bottles?

—Mary L. Bisett, proprietor of the Five and Ten Cent store in the Rubin block, has a new ad this week which will be of interest to every reader of this paper. Look it up.

—A Bradford anarchist sympathizer justly received a few swift punches from a good American citizen for expressing himself on the attempted assassination of President McKinley.

—The Bolivar Breeze was eleven years old last Thursday and is as strong, healthy and interesting as many of twice its age. May the Breeze and its popular owner continue to prosper.

—Little Alice Saward, who has made her home with the family of J. R. Shoemaker for some time, is ill with diphtheria. The Shoemaker house has been quarantined and every effort will be made to prevent the spread of the disease.

—About twenty of Miss Nellie Shepard's friends very pleasantly surprised her at her home on Mechanic street last Thursday evening. Many amusements were offered, light refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed by all.

—The sixth anniversary of the consecration of St. Luke's church will be observed Saturday, Sept 14. The celebration of the Holy Eucharist will be at 10:30 a. m. On Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—Col. L. Rogers and wife, Milton Craven, D. Emerson, Wm. Wilkins, J. C. Repine and two sons left this morning over the P. & W. railroad for Cleveland, O., where they will attend the annual encampment of the G. A. R.—Kane Republican, Monday.

—What is supposed to be the smallest cow on earth is exhibited at the Cortland county fair this week. The animal, which is owned by William Freeburn of New Woodstock, weighs but 117 pounds, and is 26 inches tall and 36 inches in length. She gives eight quarts of milk at a time and is milked twice a day on the fair grounds.—Ex.

—Mike Laddy, a woodsman, was captured by Officer Welch Saturday and was released Monday morning upon promise to be good. He got good and boisterously drunk again Monday and spent the night in the lockup. Tuesday morning he was "broke" and was banished from town.

—Boyne River, in the northern part of Michigan, is fast becoming a popular resort for rheumatics. The river is said to contain great curative properties for that dreaded ailment, as well as an elixir of rejuvenation. It is claimed that the worst case of any form of rheumatism is cured within a week by wading in the cold stream with your clothes on and then lying or standing on the bank until the clothing is dry.

—Editor Laymon of the Port Allegany Reporter accuses the MINER of speaking disparagingly of Port Allegany because we stated last week that the bottle works which has been in operation there for the past five years was looking for a new location, it being driven away by a too decided increase in the rate for fuel. The Reporter maintains that this factory has not been driven away and says the owners will come to the terms of the Gas company. As near as we can learn the factory is nailed up and the blowers have received notice to look for places elsewhere. That looks to us as though Port Allegany had lost that industry. No, Mr. Laymon, we do not wish to knock on Port Allegany, but we try to give the news truthfully and if you will do the same when speaking of Smethport you will never hear a whine from the MINER.

Opening of the New Church at Kane.

On last Thursday the new Episcopal church at Kane was opened for divine services. The services for the day began with the Holy Eucharist at 7:30 a. m., the Rev. R. Alan Russell, priest in charge, being the Celebrant, assisted by Rev H. H. Bogert of Corry and Rev. J. F. Kirk of North East.

At 11 a. m. the altar was blessed by the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev Cortlandt Whitehead, S. T. D. The High Celebration of the Holy Eucharist followed, the Bishop being Celebrant, assisted by Archdeacon Cole and Rev. S. W. Garrett, formerly in charge of the mission in Kane. The Bishop delivered an eloquent discourse on, "The Presence of God in His Church." Large congregations were present, including many from Smethport and Bradford.

The speakers at the evening service were: The Bishop, Rev. Frank Spalding of Erie, Rev. H. H. Bogert of Corry, Rev A. R. Keiffer, D. D., of Bradford and Ven. L. F. Cole. Rev. J. M. Robertson of Emporium, Rev. A. J. Nock of Titusville and Rev. J. H. McCandless of Smethport were also present and assisted.

A notable feature of the day was the music, which was largely furnished by the choir of St. Luke's church, Smethport, and included the duo solo, "Fear Ye Not O Israel," sung by Mr. Bateman of Bradford. A well trained choir of the new church of St. Edward-the-Martyr served to make up a chorus of over fifty voices. St. Luke's choir received many enthusiastic compliments and were handsomely entertained throughout the day, being at the Thompson House for dinner and at the parish rooms for supper, served by the ladies of the congregation.

The new church building is sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, finished in yellow pine and oak, and will seat about 250 people. The Rev. Mr. Russell is to be congratulated on the great success of his untiring efforts and the devoted efforts of the earnest members of the congregation, which have led to the completion of this handsome church edifice in Kane.

Death of James Connolly.

James Connolly died at his home in Rew City Wednesday afternoon at 2:30, aged 87 years, says the Bradford Sunday Herald. The infirmities of old age was the cause of his death. The deceased had been a resident of Rew City for the past 22 years, having come to the Bradford oil field from Titusville. He was the father of the well-known oil men, the Connolly brothers, James Jr., who is at present traveling in Europe; Peter of Rew City, J. A. and D. F. Connolly of this city, and Henry J. of Salem, O. Three daughters also survive, Sister M. M. Clare of the Sisters of Mercy, Titusville, and Misses Bridget and Katie of Rew City. Mr. Connolly's venerable wife, who is at present quite ill and feeble, is also left to mourn his loss. He was a man of most estimable qualities of mind and heart and one who was respected for his sturdy integrity and industry.

The funeral services were held yesterday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Bernard's church. A large gathering of friends attended the services and the floral offerings were unusually beautiful. Rev. William Coonan officiated and requiem mass was observed. The remains were taken on the 10:40 train to Titusville where they will be laid at rest in St. Catherine's cemetery.

Death of Mrs. Lena Wendel.

Saturday's Olean Herald says: Mrs. Lena Wendel, wife of Paul Wendel of 902 Washington street, died this morning at 4:40 o'clock, aged 74 years.

Deceased was the mother of Mrs. Charles L. Barrett and Mrs. George H. Dotterweich of this city, and had been a highly esteemed resident of Olean for many years. The news of her death will be received with sorrow by a large circle of friends. She was a devout member of the German Lutheran church. Besides her husband she leaves to mourn her loss six children, John P. Wendel of Batavia, Mrs. George Dotterweich of Olean, Mrs. John McConeghy of Coudersport, Barney D. Wendel of Smethport, Mrs. Geo. S. Root of Hart, Mich., and Mrs. C. L. Barrett of this city.

The funeral services will be held at the house Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and at the German Lutheran church at 2:30 o'clock. The remains will be taken to the Protestant cemetery in Allegany for burial. The family have the sympathy of many friends in their loss.

Reduced Rates to Scranton.

For the meeting of the State League of Republican Clubs, to be held in Scranton, September 17 and 18, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Scranton from all stations on the Belvidere division, Trenton to Belvidere, inclusive, at the rate of one fare for the round trip (minimum rate 25 cents). Tickets to be sold and good going September 16, 17 and 18, and to return until September 20, inclusive.

Now is the time to write for circulars and new illustrated catalogue of the Edinboro Normal school. The tuition is free. Why not make up your mind to attend? There is no time like the present. Fall term opens September 16. Address John F. Bigler, Principal.

For Sale—Cheap. A good heavy lumber wagon and bark rack in good condition. For particulars call on or address

W. PRESTON, Ramer farm.

tf. Smethport, Pa

For Sale.

I have for sale a number of Scotch collie pups. Call on or write me.

E. W. JONES, Smethport, Pa.

A snap—Three hole full nickel hot plates only $2.00 at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Dynamite, fuse and caps at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Sermon at St. Luke's Church on Last Sunday Morning.

On last Sunday morning the rector of St. Luke's church preached a sermon on "The Crime Against the Magistracy," from the text 1 Samuel 24 6. We requested the sermon for publication on account of its opportuneness and the many comments of those who heard it, but Mr. McCandless was disposed to send but an extract which we give below:

After special prayers for the President of the United States the rector said in part: "When one has been lawfully placed in a kingdom or in a republic as the chief ruler, whether he be called King or President, that man has a divine right to rule, to govern according to the law by virtue of his office.

"The substance of the power of the ruler is an ordinance of God, while the form of the government is an ordinance of man. The office of the magistrate gives the divine right to rule. No man has a divine right to the office, a divine right to reign, but being placed in the office by divine selection, as in Saul's case, or by the people's election, according to the established law of the land, there is a divine right to rule. The basis of the authority is from God, through the people expressed in the civil law. God is the source of the power, the people are the medium for conveying it to chosen ones. The rulers of nations, the civil authorities, are God's ministers in the civic realm, just as much as the bishops and clergy are in the scriptural realm in the Church of Christ.

"It is sacrilegious sin against the authority of God on this earth, as well as a deadly sin against the social family, to raise the murderous hand against the Chief Magistrate, against civil rulers. They are God's ministers and instruments for the welfare of human society which could not otherwise exist. And so we shrink with horror from the act of the assassin who raises his hand against the authority of God and the safety of the people, realizing that it is a deadly disobedient sin, striking at the life of all governments and at the heart of the social family.

"David in far off ages knew this and when Saul was at his mercy, when there was but a step between the king and death, and David was urged to strike the blow he recoiled in horror and said, 'The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth my hand against him.' * * * But suppose that David himself had been the king and beloved ruler of the land in its prosperous days; or, look upon Saul's attempt on David's life. You cannot find a single offence in David's behavior toward Saul. The crime becomes greater and a personal one.

"My brethren, we are all carrying one thought in our minds in all that has been said. It would only be affectation not to recognize it and not to express it. Our minds are preoccupied this morning. Our hearts are full of deepest sorrow and sympathy and of righteous wrath at the attempt upon the life of our President not many hours ago, not many miles away. We realize all that it meant against him in his high office as God's minister to execute the laws, realize what it means against us, against all social life. But there is a deeper shock and a keener sorrow as we realize what it meant against the man himself. His was a personality, we feel, which ought to have been spared; which made the sin like a blow to a friend, or as a blow to each one of us personally. In all the history of the world where is there such a record of development and prosperity as this nation has presented under the Presidency of the man upon whom the world is looking with sympathy, for whom praying and showing intense and sincere affection? That prosperity of our country has resulted in great measure from the fact that we, the people, apart from questions of policy and party and legislation, have had confidence in that man. We have felt that he was a man of integrity. And what more can one add to that?

"We can mourn for him and his stricken and changed home as in the case of a very dear friend. No sincerer prayers have gone to heaven than the prayers offered everywhere to-day for him.

"We wait for the light to come, for we are yet in darkness about God's overruling will and purpose in this, as in so many things. In the face of such a crime it is not hard to believe in a personal devil, the enemy of God and all good, the one capable of instigating such a monstrous crime, the one responsible for it. But we lift up our hearts in faith and love to God who can and will overrule all evil while evil remains, and while demons and men have the power of free will to oppose His holy will. I believe that God will direct us as a nation, make us think soberly and will consecrate our sorrow; And to impress us for devoted service to Him in the church and in the nation and towards our fellow men we have before us the examples of saints and patriots who stimulate us to high aims in character and noble work that we may live and die honoring God and our country and ourselves in a life of loving service and devotion to our duty in that state of life to which we are called.

"Evil rises up in our pathway to strike us down. There is the venomous, undying hatred of Satan against everyone that is unwilling to be like him. He casts his darts with true aim and many are stricken to death with sins which pierce them through and through. We need not fear the mean malignant, treacherous foe. 'Greater is He that is with us than he that is against us.' In God we trust. He is with us and with our land. We commit ourselves to Him. We commend our country and our President this day to God."

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Great Favorite.

The soothing and healing properties of this remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a great favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Notice.

A good girl wanted for general house work. Apply at 802 East Main street or W. D. at the office of the Camp glass works.

Fill up those unsightly cracks in your floor with Grippin's Crevice Filler, only at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Louisa Wright returned to her home in Renovo Tuesday.

Earl B. Hewitt of State College spent Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Thyra Olson of Johnsonburg is visiting Mrs. Chas. G. Mesler.

Mrs. C. A. Burdick left yesterday for a visit with friends in Harrisburg.

Miss Ethel Gifford returned to her school duties at Fredonia Tuesday.

Miss Lulu Clare of Preston Springs, Canada, is visiting friends in town.

Attorneys E. L. Ryan and J. E. Mullin of Kane had business at court this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gerritt and daughter, Bates, visited the Pan Am. last week.

Mrs. Butler and daughter of Coudersport are visiting the family of B. F. Wright.

Mrs. D. N. Stilson of Sugar Grove, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs A. M. Boardman.

Mrs. C. M. Colegrove, Mrs. W. Stark and son, John, are visiting at the Pan Am. this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Grantier and daughter of Newerf were visitors in town Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Hewitt of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

F. T. Newman, who has been spending the summer at Ithaca, N. Y., is the guest of friends in town.

Geo. Bayer, F. B. Grantier and Ed Gallup of Norwich township are visiting at the Pan-Am. this week.

Mr and Mrs. A. T. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Owen are among the Pan-Am. visitors this week.

Rev. Simpson of Syracuse was a Smethport visitor over Sunday and occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church.

Mrs James Quirk, Mrs. H. S. Kleinsath and Miss Marie McCabe returned from a visit to the Pan Am. on Tuesday.

W. F. [illegible] was in attendance at the convention of the National Fire Insurance Underwriters at Put-in-Bay, O., this week.

I. D. Cleveland of [illegible], who has been the guest of his brothers in this place for several days, left for Buffalo to visit the Pan Am. Exposition.

Miss Anna Thomas returned home Saturday from a six weeks' visit in Brooklyn. Miss Emily Sparks accompanied her, and will make her home in Smethport for the present.

A. M. Gilbert of Philadelphia has been the guest of his brother, T. J. Gilbert, for a few days. Mr. Gilbert is the possessor of a very good voice and assisted in the choir at the Baptist church Sunday.

Correspondence.

LARABEE.

Mrs. E. S. Carpenter and children returned from Ceres, N. Y., Wednesday, after spending some days as a guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. Spees.

Wm. Robson, accompanied by his sisters, the Misses Belle and Grace, of Alma were guests at the home of Mrs. Oscar Carpenter Sunday.

Mrs. C. T. Wilcox and daughter, Edna, went to Ceres Monday, where they expect to reside for some time in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Windsor drove to Clarksville, N. Y., to attend the wedding of their grandson, James Windsor.

Mrs. F. C. Crandall and daughter, Cecil, are making an extended visit among friends at Holland, N. Y.

Nels Berg passed through town Monday enroute to his new home in Alden, N. Y.

Mrs. S. L. Carpenter is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Galena of Eldred.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Evans left Tuesday for a few days visit at the Pan-Am.

The Misses Calista and Jessie Carpenter visited friends in Eldred Monday.

Miss Jennie Haynes is taking in the sights at the Pan-Am. this week.

Mrs. D. D. Otto made a business trip to Eldred Saturday.

E. E. Ventres of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

Henry Layton of Olean was in town Monday.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register the same will be presented for confirmation at an Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D., 1901.

First and final account of James Biggins and Ann McDonald, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Patrick McDonald, deceased.

First and final account of Lellie Hackett, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of M. R. Hackett, deceased.

First and final account of John R. McCadden, Administrator of the estate of Lucy Ann McCadden, deceased.

First and final account of James Somerville, Administrator of the estate of Harriet M. Dillon, deceased.

First and final account of Caroline Paulson, Administratrix of the estate of Charles Paulson, deceased.

First and final account of S. H. Hagadorn, Administrator of the estate of Lines E. Bova, deceased.

First and final account of W. M. Wiley, Administrator of the estate of William G. Spencer, deceased.

First and partial account of Victor Johnson, Administrator of the estate of John Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of Thomas H. Walker, Administrator of the estate of Noah Wilson, deceased.

First and final account of D. F. Spencer, Administrator of the estate of William Harris, deceased.

First and final account of Mary Sullivan, Administratrix of the estate of Thomas Sullivan, deceased.

First and final account of F. W. Wigger, Administrator of the estate of C. D. Bass, deceased.

First and final account of James N. Duffy, Guardian of Mary Lillian Duffy, minor child of James N. Duffy, Jr., deceased.

First and final account of Eugene McElwaine, Guardian of Rhea McElwaine, minor child of J. B. McElwaine, deceased.

Final account of David Howells, Guardian of Einf Peterson, minor child of Charles Peterson, deceased.

Final account of David Howells, Guardian of Ida Peterson, minor child of Charles Peterson, deceased.

Final account of J. R. Goodenough, Guardian of Mary Ward, minor child of Thomas Ward, deceased.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Register,

H. M. CLOAKS, Deputy.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1901.

CHARTER NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 30th day of September A. D. 1901 by H. M. Preston, John R. Cable, W. S. Hoskins, C. E. Hazelton, F. M. Knapp and others, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and regulation of Natural Gas Companies," Approved May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Valley Gas Company," the character and object of which is engaging in and carrying on the business of operating for gas, boring, selling, transporting, storing, supplying and furnishing gas by [illegible] and otherwise, to individuals, firms and corporations for heat or light or both or other purposes in the Counties of McKean and Warren, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

F. M. KNAPP, Solicitor.

Advertisement.

Notice is hereby given that the petition of The J. G. Curtis Leather Company will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas in and for McKean County, Pa., at the Court House in Smethport, Pa., on Monday, October 7, A. D. 1901, praying said Court for the dissolution of said The J. G. Curtis Leather Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, and that at the same time and place the account of the directors of The J. G. Curtis Leather Company will be presented to said Court for settlement and approval.

THE J. G. CURTIS LEATHER COMPANY.

Attest:

[illegible]

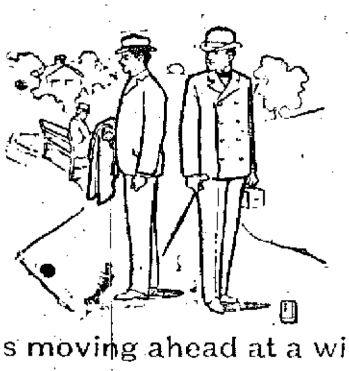
Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between F. H. Nourse and T. F. Richmond of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., under the firm name of Nourse & Richmond, expired on September 4th, A. D. 1901, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received by said F. H. Nourse, to whom all demands on the said partnership are to be presented for payment.

T. F. RICHMOND,

F. H. NOURSE.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 11, 1901.



UP-TO-DATE attire, like that of the gentleman in the cut, makes a man look solid with himself and the world. Such a man is on the right train and is moving ahead at a winning speed. Clothing which solid men like to wear will be found in our array of

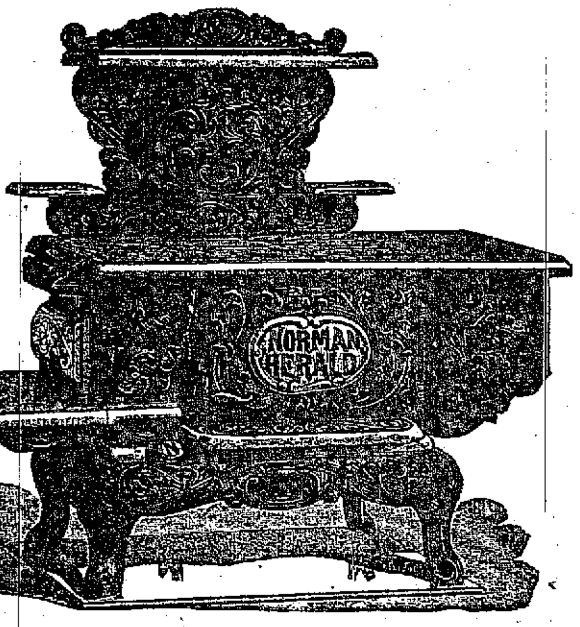
FALL SUITS.

A man passes for what he looks, just as a dollar passes for a hundred cents. To give yourself a hundred cent up-to-par appearance just put yourself inside one of our FALL SUITS.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE ONE PRICE

MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.



If you contemplate buying a stove, be it wood, coal or gas, for heating or cooking, we have it and less than the lowest city prices, too. Let us convince you.

Do not forget our stock of lumber, windows, doors and sash. If you are building, we name it all for you.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

WE NEED ROOM.

And for the next few weeks will be fussing with the masons and carpenters and to get as much of our stock as possible out of the dirt, we will, commencing

Monday, July 29th,

for two weeks make it an object for you to buy

Furniture, Carpets, Mantels

See SLOAN first,

Last and All the Time.

16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

Do Your Eyes Deceive You?

If so it is time you had them examined by a competent optician. I have had many years experience in diseases of the eye and can help you. Have your eyes fitted with glasses by a man who understands his business. . . . .

Chas. H. Robie

Leading Jeweler & Optician,

122 N. Union Street, Olean, N. Y

SPECIAL!

We commence a special sale to-day of all our Spring and Summer

Suits and Pantaloons.

You know what this means when we advertise a sale of this kind. It is an immense saving to all those who are going to buy Clothing.

Suits that were $10 now go for $7.00

Suits that were $12 now go for $ 8.50

Suits that were 15 now go for 10.00

Suits that were 18 now go for 12.50

Suits that were $20 now go for $14.

These excellent bargains will prevail throughout our Pantaloon Department, also Boys' and Children's. We will give you the same careful attention at this big money-saving sale as if you paid the regular prices. All goods sold that are advertised will be spot cash. We positively will not charge during this sale.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

The Big Double Clothing Store.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

FRY & HERZOG

SHETLAND FLOSS.

For Shoulder Capes.

We are offering two select brands of this exceedingly popular yarn at prices which place elegant shawls within easy reach.

"PREMIUM BRAND"

A smooth even yarn in beautiful shades, put up 12 skeins to the box.

Colors—

White, Cream, Lt. Blues, Pinks, Scarlet, Heliotropes, Buff, Gray, Nile and Black.

Per Box $1.00

Per Skein 10c

"COLUMBIA BRAND"

Put up 8 skeins to the box.

Colors as above.

Per Box $1.10

Per Skein 15c

WOOD NEEDLES

Medium, per pr., 15c

Large, per pr., 20c

WOOD HOOKS

Each 10c

EARLY FALL GOODS.

This week we place on sale a very excellent line of cotton fleeced flannels, in Dots, Stripes and Persians patterns.

These goods are especially designed for Waists, Dressing Sacques, Wrappers and Children's Dresses.

PARISIAN WAISTCLOTH

27 inches wide.

Colors

Dark Blue, Light Blue, Cadet, Rose, Reds, Green, Heliotrope, Tans and Gray

Per yard [illegible]

ECLIPSE FLANNELS

33 inches wide.

Colors—

Dark Blues, Cadet, Reds, Tans, Rose and Green

Per yard 15c

Samples mailed upon request

FRY & HERZOG.

A WOMAN WITH AN to her best interest will not only inspect but buy of us the GROCERIES she needs.

We have the largest and best selected stock and always sell at the lowest prices. The following are some of the things you need and of which we have a fresh supply:

Bananas, Oranges, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Canteloupes, Watermelons, Lemons, Limes, Peas, Beans and all kinds of Vegetables.

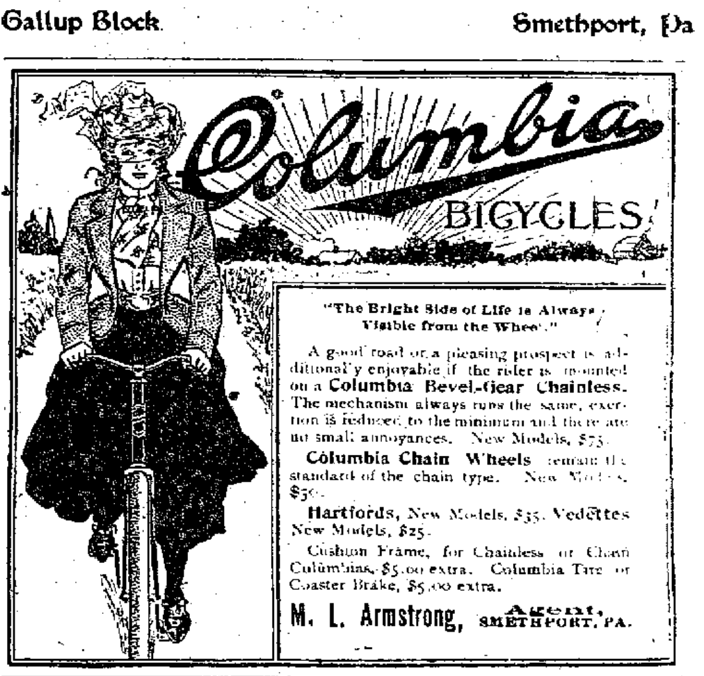
We have the finest line of canned and bottled goods in the town.

The purity of our goods we warrant, the prices are as low as they can be made, consistent with good and pure goods,

Shepard & Gallup.

Goods Delivered.

Gallup Block Smethport, Pa



"The Bright Side of Life is Always Visible from the Wheel."

A good road or a pleasing prospect is additionally enjoyable if the rider is mounted on a Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless. The mechanism always runs the same, exertion is reduced to the minimum and there are no small annoyances. New Models, $75.

Columbia Chain Wheels remain the standard of the chain type. New Models, $50.

Hartfords, New Models, $35. Vedettes New Models, $25.

Cushion Frame, for Chainless or Chain Columbias, $5.00 extra. Columbia Tire or Coaster Brake, $5.00 extra.

M. L. Armstrong, Agent, SMETHPORT, PA.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

Our stock of combs directly from a comb factory, and have all the latest styles of

BACK,

SIDE

and Circle

Combs. Also a new line of Toilet Combs that are worth your attention.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

"THE FAMOUS,"

CLOTHING STORE,

Central Block, Smethport, Pa.

HOW FAR WILL $9.50 GO?

Come to us and we'll sell you an Outfit for $9.50 that we guarantee to be worth $12.05.

Your choice of any one $7.50 Suit

" " " " " 2.00 Hat.

" " " " " 1.00 Shirt.

" " " " " .75 Underwear

" " " " " .50 Tie.

" " " " " .15 Collar.

" " " " pair .15 Sox.

Actually worth $12.05; for a few days only at $9.50 at

THE FAMOUS.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete and prices low

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

LOCAL NEWS.

—The DuBois Courier now has a new Simplex typesetting machine.

—The auditors' report of Smethport school district appears in another column of this issue.

—The fall term of the Clarion State Normal school opens this year with a largely increased attendance.

—The Beckman & Vells roller mill of Coudersport was destroyed by fire last week. The loss is estimated at $12,000.

—Rev. F. J. Barber will preach his farewell sermon at Ormsby next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

—Miss Caroline Landers, an aged resident of Foster Brook, died at that place last Friday afternoon, aged 85 years. The interment was at Tidioute on Monday.

—The bottle workers defeated the window workers in a game of ball Tuesday afternoon. Score 13 to 21. The features of the game were too numerous to mention.

—H. C. Wells keeps a bulletin board in front of his drug store on which is reported the condition of President McKinley. It is eagerly watched by a great many people.

—One of the greatest and most novel attractions yet to occur at the Pan-Am. will take place on Railroad Day, when five couples will be married in a cage containing twenty-five lions.

—Samuel H. Glassmire of Coudersport is the Democratic candidate for district attorney of Potter county. Sam has many friends in this place who will wish him success even if he is a Democrat.

—Maud Willard, an actress, who attempted to go through the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls in C. D. Graham's famous barrel Saturday afternoon, was suffocated and died at 10 o'clock that evening. The barrel with its human freight was held in the whirlpool for nearly six hours.

—At the Labor Day celebration at Belmont, Miss Bradley, a popular young lady of that place, met a terrible death. When Mr. Munson, principal of the Belmont schools, was in the act of throwing a heavy hammer, the crowd came closer to get a better view and the missile went crashing through a parasol held by Miss Bradley, striking her in the forehead near the temple and she was carried unconscious from the field to her home, where she died the following morning at one o'clock.

—Wednesday afternoon an alarm of fire was sounded in Westline and the flames were soon discovered to be at the house of C. W. Taylor. The flames had gathered such headway that the building and contents were consumed. Mr. Taylor also had $110 concealed in his bed which could not be recovered. Mr. Taylor went into the house thinking to save something and was badly burned. The hair was burned from his head and on Thursday morning he was sent to the hospital in Bradford.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Some Potter county women at least are capable of protecting themselves as will be seen by the following from the Austin Autograph: John Seibert was a caller at this office Saturday, and left a detailed report of how Mrs. Seibert had horsewhipped a certain man down the creek in true Southern style. It is alleged by John that the whipping was caused by a man connecting his wife's name with certain unfavorable talk. If a woman is successful in her first attempt at this style of reprimanding she is apt to try it in the family and we therefore caution John.

—Owing to the fortunate discovery of an undertaker, Wallace Burrows, formerly of Dingman Run, was saved from being placed in a grave while there was life in his body. Saturday last Mr. Burrows was taken to Port Allegany for treatment. Shortly afterward he had a severe attack of the disease which he had been a victim for some time, and after a severe struggle life apparently left his body and he was pronounced dead. Word was sent to relatives in this place and they went to Port Allegany Tuesday to attend Mr. Burrows' funeral. Some time during the day it was discovered that the man's limbs bore the warmth of life. By holding a looking glass over the man's mouth it was found that he was breathing slightly. At this time, Wednesday 10 a. m., Mr. Burrows still remains in a death-like stupor, all efforts to revive him being futile.—Potter Enterprise.

Good Advice.

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects; such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart-burn, Waterbrash, Gnawing and Burning Pains at the Pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue and Disagreeable Taste in the Mouth, Coming up of Food after Eating, Low Spirits, etc. Go to your Druggist and get a bottle of August Flower for 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you. Try it. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Pennsylvania Railroad Special Rates to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

During the continuance of the Pan American Exposition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Smethport to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the following rates:

	Buffalo	Niagara Falls
5 day limit, sold Tuesdays and Saturdays not good in parlor or sleeping cars	$3.00	$3.50
15 day limit, good in parlor or sleeping cars	3.80	4.30
Season, final limit November 30, 1901	4.35	4.85

Additional information may be had upon application to ticket agents.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Thirty Years' Suffering.

"I suffered for thirty years with diarrhoea and thought I was past being cured," says John S. Halloway of French Camp, Miss. "I had spent so much time and money and suffered so much that I had given up all hopes of recovery. I was so feeble from the effects of the diarrhoea that I could do no kind of labor, could not even travel, but by accident I was permitted to find a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after taking several bottles I am entirely cured of that trouble. I am so pleased with the result that I am anxious that it be in the reach of all who suffer as I have." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Reduced Rates to Cleveland.

On account of the Thirty-fifth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 10 to 14, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Cleveland from stations on its line, at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets will be sold and good going September 8 to 12, inclusive, good to return until September 15, inclusive, but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Cleveland, prior to noon of September 15, and the payment of fifty cents, return limit may be extended to October 8, inclusive.

For specific rates and further information apply to ticket agents.

Cuts and Bruises Quickly Healed.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm applied to a cut, bruise, burn, scald or like injury will instantly allay the pain and will heal the parts in less time than any other treatment. Unless the injury is very severe it will not leave a scar. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. For sale by H. C. Wells, Druggist.

BOBOLINK.

Daisies, clover, buttercup,
Red top, trefoil, meadow sweet,
Ecstatic wing, soaring up,
Then gliding down to grassy seat.

Sunshine, laughter, mad desires,
May day, June day, lucid skies,
All reckless things that love inspires,
The gladdest bird that sings and flies.

Meadows, orchards, bending sprays,
Rushes, lilies, billowy wheat,
Song and frolic fill his days,
A feathered rondeau all complete.

Pink bloom, gold bloom, fleabane white,
Dewdrop, raindrop, cooling shade,
Bubbling throat and hovering flight
And jubilant heart as e'er was made.
—John Burroughs in McClure's Magazine.

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS

A Story of the Civil War.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver bend of the Accoceek came the tramp of retreating troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of the civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home in the front ranks of death and danger; but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion and remained at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Cantering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the invading troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple. We must look to this."

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and, throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face and an abundance of curling chestnut hair.

Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow. "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great, luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes, and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh. She smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow!" she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow, with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, "and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled—a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty.

"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you, at least I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored manservant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the horse and then ride for Dr. Werter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile, on the long veranda, Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her flossy, raven tresses floating on the winds.

By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, arose the clash and clang, the roar and tramp, of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered. "They will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried. "There's no hope of escape!"

But Irene held out her lithe, young arm.

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road, and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry; there is no time to lose!"

The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple," the young girl called in her clear, silver notes, "come here!"

In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature and then threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you! Goodby, Dapple!"

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears.

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount. Dapple, take this gentleman down the river road and at your utmost speed."

Dapple uttered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin both yourself and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

* * * * * * *

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned.

Captain Rutherford made it his business to go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service. But where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could he obtain.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and took himself off on a tour amid the Swiss mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, ambling over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the Switzer steeps.

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close, somewhere in the vicinity of Mont Blanc he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lenoir, her son and two daughters and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the trees he lay amid the long, rustling grasses listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter and in his turn relating incidents and reminiscences of his own war experience for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia.

Madam was intensely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Moreton," cried madam, "will you have the kindness to pass the claret cup? And, pray, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Dapple, Dapple," he called. "Come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came ambling forth. Madam Lenoir's companion, advancing with the claret cup in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cry and wasted all the luscious liquor on the rustling leaves at her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried.

Dapple heard the sweet voice and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lenoir, comprehending the denouement, looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her party were going back to France.

"And now, Irene," said the captain, "how is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. She is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her old, glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part from you," she said wickedly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple, you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.

Insects and X Rays.

A writer in The American X Ray Journal tells of some unusual experiments upon insects with Roentgen rays. A box was made, half of wood and half of sheet lead. In the wooden half a number of larvae of flies, bees, beetles and other insects were placed, and the box was then put in the field of the X rays. The insect colony at once became greatly excited, and after crawling to and fro finally emigrated to a worm to the leaden half of the box, where the rays could not penetrate. The experiment was repeated many times and always with the same result.

A similar experiment was tried with the blind larvae of a certain species of beetle. A number of them were placed in an open cigar box, which also contained a metal box with an opening. No sooner were the rays turned on than the insects showed signs of distress. Their uneasiness increased, and in a little while they all sought refuge in the metal box. As the larvae in the second experiment were entirely sightless their perception of the rays must take place through the nerves of the skin.

Getting a Day Off.

A certain government officer was noted for being a hard taskmaster to those who were under him, the servants in his own establishment being no exception. His valet was expected to be on duty 365 full days in the year.

Being detailed to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the officer hesitated a little in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

"Well, James," he said, "how would you like to go with me around the world?"

"Do we go from east to west, sir?" asked the valet.

"Yes."

"We lose a day in going that way, don't we?"

"We do."

"Well, sir, I'd like it first rate. It would give me one day off."

His master was so pleased with the aptness of the retort that he gave him a week off to prepare for the trip.—Youth's Companion.

The American Soldier.

That West Point is the best military school in the world is conceded by all impartial critics. Its methods transform the average raw youth into the honorable, refined and highly educated officer of our army. He is preeminently taught the "habit of command," which, as a rule, he uses without any of the arrogance shown by officers of some of the armies of Europe, notably that of Germany. He is made to realize that he commands men who are as sensitive as they are brave and who appreciate and respect a character combining generosity, kindness, firmness and, above all else, physical and moral courage.

These traits of character are carefully cultivated at West Point, with a result that, besides having the best enlisted personnel, we have in the United States army, without question or doubt, the best trained and most capable gentlemen as officers.—Army and Navy Journal.

An Arctic Bill of Fare.

The Eskimos at home in their native frozen wilds do not believe in cooking. Their meat, be it seal, fish, venison, trout, salmon, whale blubber or codfish, they devour in its natural raw state and with the same gusto with which the average small boy tackles a watermelon. As for bread and vegetables, they have none. They set their seal-oil lamps going, suspend a soapstone dish filled with snow over it, and with the water thus obtained they mix an equal quantity of molasses procured from the Hudson Bay company. That they drink and are happy. That is the sum total of an arctic cuisine.

A Flame Combination.

If a small quantity of chlorate of potash be powdered and mixed with an equal quantity of powdered sugar, a candle may be lighted by means of the mixture without matches.

Place a little of it in the depression around the wick of a candle that has been previously used and then touch the mixture with a glass rod the end of which has been dipped in oil of vitriol. It will burst into flame, lighting the candle.

In a ton of Dead sea water there are 187 pounds of salt, Red sea 93, Mediterranean 85, Atlantic 81, English channel 72, Black sea 26, Baltic 18 and Caspian sea 11.

AN EXPLANATION.

[illegible]

—Washington Star.

SPIRIT SLATE WRITING

How the Mysterious Sentences Are Prepared In Advance.

[illegible] slate writing [illegible] makes it harder to [illegible] it utterly baffles their efforts to detect the trick. They see a small cabinet suspended above the stage by [illegible] cords or ribbons. It has an open front and is empty. The magician [illegible] it around so that every part of it may be seen and taps it inside and out [illegible] to show that it is hollow.

On a stand near by he has a small easel, a common school slate, a bottle of India ink with a quill pen in it and a few sheets of ordinary white writing paper. All these he passes around among the audience for examination. Then he fixes a sheet of the paper to the slate by means of wafers, places the slate on the easel and the easel in the cabinet, together with the bottle of ink, the latter having the pen still in it.

Having allowed the audience to see the articles thus arranged in the cabinet, he throws a large silk handkerchief over it. Mysterious sounds are immediately heard, and the cabinet shakes as if some living thing had entered it. When the sounds and the shaking cease, he removes the handkerchief, showing an inscription written in bold black letters on the paper and the pen not in the ink bottle, but lying on the bottom of the cabinet. He then removes the paper from the slate and passes it around for examination, when the writing is immediately recognized as having been done with India ink.

The explanation of the trick is simple. The writing was done in advance by the performer, the fluid used being a solution of sulphuric acid of the purest quality. To make the solution 50 drops of the concentrated acid are added to one ounce of filtered water. Writing done with this solution is invisible until exposed to heat. When so exposed, it comes out perfectly black, looking exactly like dried India ink.

The heat is applied by means of an electric current running over wire with which the slate is wound. The cords by which the cabinet is suspended conceal copper wires, which conduct the current to the slate. Black silk threads suitably attached enable the performer to make the sounds in the cabinet, to cause the cabinet to shake and to jerk the pen out of the ink bottle.

Several sheets of paper are prepared in advance, each with a different inscription, the performer telling one inscription from another by secretly marked pin pricks.—New York Herald.

A Blunt Query.

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been effected he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle.

"Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at a'. Whaur are ye goin to put the folk?"

"Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a' very weel the noo," retorted the beadle, "but what will ye do when we get a popular meenister?"

Even Ruts Have Their Uses.

Life's monotonies are a blessing and not in disguise, for they conduce directly to longevity, [illegible] ness. The long lived man [illegible] adventurer, the explorer, the [illegible] the man who has worries, but he who takes the world as he finds it and slips along through life with as little [illegible] as possible, forms easy going habits, sticks to them and cares not one straw for the opinions of men who say that he is in a rut. He is healthy because he has peace of mind and regularity of life; he is happy because he is healthy [illegible]

[illegible]

Elm Leaved Goldenrod.

It is well known that [illegible] grows in shady places [illegible] has a greater leaf [illegible] grows in the open [illegible] have a larger surface to [illegible] light when the latter is [illegible] dim. Now, most of the goldenrods [illegible] in the open fields, having [illegible] row leaves, but the [illegible] goldenrod lives in [illegible] where the shadows are thick and direct sunshine is a [illegible] And so we find that this species has broad, thin leaves of a shade plant [illegible] otherwise so similar [illegible] as to give the [illegible] attractive [illegible] to the sombre shade of the woods that we would not willingly do without.—Woman's Home Companion.

An Elaborate Bank Note.

The most elaborate bank note is the hundred ruble note of Russia, of the time of the Empress Catherine, which is a gorgeous piece of paper about 4 inches by 10. The note is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow blended as when thrown through a prism. In the center in bold relief is a large, finely executed vignette of the Empress Catherine I in black.—London Tit-Bits.

Testimony of the Nose.

An eminent physician now [illegible] that the ancient and general [illegible] that the nose is an index to character [illegible] a fallacy. And it may be proclaimed with fully as much confidence that there is nothing which any [illegible] other eminent physician [illegible]

Declined the Honor.

"Perkins," said [illegible] ther, "you have married [illegible] Whiskyafter [illegible]

"I have taken that [illegible] answered the [illegible]

"Well, [illegible] shall have to ask [illegible] future [illegible] I [illegible] —Chicago Tribune.

The growth of [illegible] long [illegible] said to be far more nutritious [illegible] than the spring grass. It [illegible]

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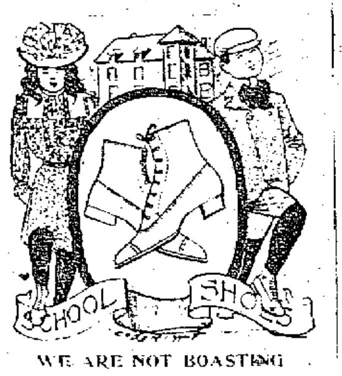

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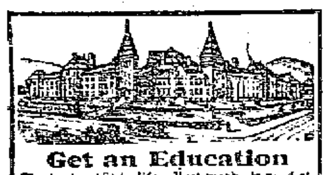

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